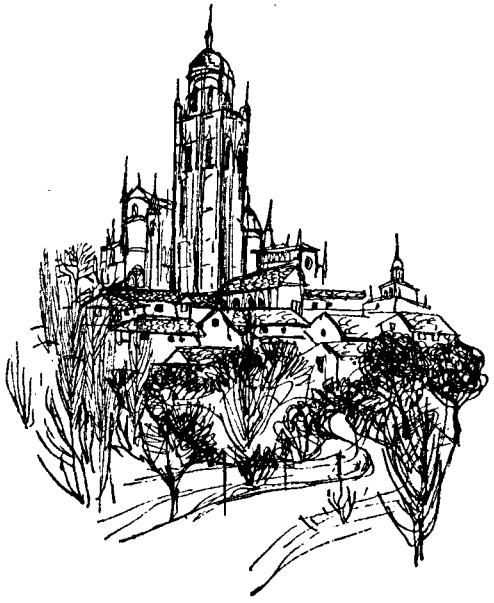
CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS TAKE STOCK
— Michael P. Fogarty

THE

Commonweal



NOTES ON SPAIN

H. A. Reinhold

THE DEATH OF BISHOP FORD

Julie Bedier

olume LVII, Number 2 October 17, 1952 Twenty Cents

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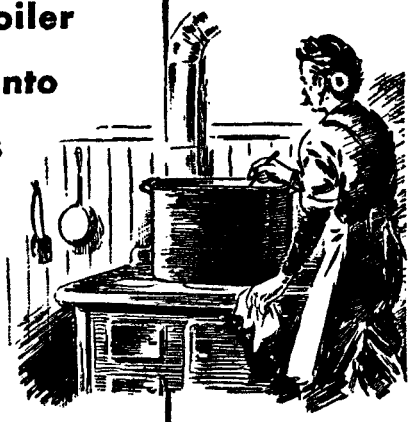
The Washboiler that Grew Into the World's Leading Church Candle Factory...



NINETY-SIX YEARS AGO, young Anton Will and his wife, Rosina, put some beeswax, some candlemaking knowledge and a lot of hope into a washboiler on the kitchen stove. That, in a 10 by 10 kitchen, on a modest side street of Syracuse, N. Y., was the start of the world's leading church-candle factory.

Patiently, Anton and Rosina dipped braided cotton wicks into the melted wax; drew them out to harden, and dipped them over and over again. When the wicks were coated to proper size, they rolled the wax into graceful candles. Candles of pure beeswax. Catholic churches bought them eagerly. Anton and Rosina became the pioneer church candlemakers in America.

Debt, Death and a Widow's Might

Came the day when reputation of the small concern reached New York City. A large buyer there sent an order for a thousand pounds of candles. Anton didn't have all the money to buy that much beeswax. A Syracuse friend came to the rescue and lent him the money.

Then Anton died. Rosina alone, with three small boys to support, carried on. Before long, the boys were busy dipping wicks. And today two of the sons of those boys are officers in the company which ships beeswax products by the millions . . . imports crude beeswax from all continents.

All crude beeswax is tested first by the laboratory . . . graded for various uses, refined, purified and bleached snow-white under the sun. Only the finest, whitest and purest of the refined bleached beeswax is used for the church candles that gave the company its start and its reputation.

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CANDLE CRAFTSMEN FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS

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THE COMMONWEAL
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EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
JOHN COGLEY: *Executive Editor*
JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM P. CLANCY: *Assistant Editor*

WILLIAM PFAFF: *Assistant Editor*
(on leave with the Armed Forces)

Associate Editors:
JOHN C. CORT
PHILIP T. HARTUNG

Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

MR. TRUMAN'S "CRUSADE"

IT IS claimed that Harry S. Truman has made more major decisions than any other President in American history. Certainly in the face of terrible postwar dilemmas he has displayed a courage which not even his enemies deny. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin Airlift, the Atlantic Treaty, Point Four, NATO, the intervention in Korea—these are achievements of which Mr. Truman is proud, and because of them he is reported to be confident of a secure place in history.

But in spite of his many history-burdened decisions, the President's political enemies insist on seeing in him nothing more than an inflated ward-heeler from Missouri. They resolutely refuse to take him seriously. "Trumanism," a frequent word in their vocabulary, does not mean any of the mighty things in which the President takes pride. It means "government by crony," "softness" toward Communism, corruption, and "creeping socialism."

As a matter of policy, most Republicans do not consider the President capable of discussing any serious issues, and when he is about to attempt it they prepare themselves for the worst. Least of all do they consider him capable of discussing Republican politics, and so when they learned that he was to embark on a whistle-stop campaign they cleared their throats to shout "smear" and sharpened their pencils to write "disgusting."

When the President did speak, he went further than even they had expected. He actually dared, this little man from Missouri, to attack their candidate, General Eisenhower. Mr. Summerfield, the Republican national chairman, has predicted swift and terrible retribution to be visited upon the Democrats because of this impiety.

Harry Truman does not seem frightened by the threatened consequences of his attacks. He persists in his belief that he has some right to speak on controversial political issues, some claim to self defense. He apparently believes that no man, not even a national hero, is above sharp criticism once he becomes a partisan candidate for political office. And in spite of the nation's press, we think the majority of Americans will here agree with him.

But Mr. Truman's campaigning has sometimes gone beyond the level of objective criticism. He is a man with little natural feeling for subtlety or for complexity; he tends to see things as either black or white. Consequently, he frequently reduces issues to simple formulas and homely maxims. The heroes and the villains are easily recognized among his dramatis personae. This is politically convenient, but the results are sometimes unfortunate.

IT WAS unfortunate, for example, that the President saw fit bitterly to recall Mr. Eisenhower's 1946 statement that "nothing guided Soviet policy so much as a desire for friendship with the United States." It was much worse than unfortunate that the President attempted to make a villain out of the General because of his fallibility. And Mr. Truman's effort to place part of the blame for the Soviet blockade of Berlin on the Republican candidate seems equally indefensible. The President here allowed his own fondness for partisan oversimplification to stand in the way of justice and objectivity.

But protests against Mr. Truman's tactics come with poor grace from some of the Republican politicians and press. They come with almost equally poor grace from Mr. Eisenhower. The "high level" campaign the Republicans now lament as lowered by Mr. Truman's whistle-stopping was sullied almost from the start by their own tactics. The man at whom most of the mud has been hurled is none other than the President, and a chief hurler has been General Eisenhower himself, for whom such pious immunity is now claimed by his partisans.

Long before President Truman took to the rails, General Eisenhower was busy denouncing the Administration, whose foreign policy he had served, as "a pack of fear-mongers, quack doctors, and bare-faced looters." He had been assuring the country that not only the "loss of China" but also the Soviet expansion in Europe could be explained as a simple result of Mr. Truman's policy of "bungle, stumble, and fall."

The General has been waging a dreary and ir-

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responsible campaign. If Mr. Truman now joins in the dreariness, a certain element of poetic justice is involved, even though this bipartisan chorus promises nothing of that "elevation" of American politics at which Governor Stevenson, apparently alone, continues to work.

CONTINUED CO-EXISTENCE

THE sections on foreign policy in Joseph Stalin's fifty-page article in *Bolshevik*, which set the pattern for the 19th Congress of the Communist Party, have been widely interpreted as a warning of a new tack on the Kremlin's part. Attempts to foment dissensions among the "capitalist powers" are, therefore, to be intensified. To slow down the building of free world defenses, the popular front device may be revived—to give the Communist Party sufficient leverage directly to influence official policy in various individual nations.

On the broader scale, Stalin's forecast of no war between the Soviet colossus and the world outside is itself an effort to put a crimp in worldwide defense preparations. It is couched in terms intended to aggravate the anti-American sentiments that are inevitable in many lands. It is even a sort of top-lofty sneer at the allied non-Communist, and anti-Communist, nations that still harbor ancient national enmities.

But in making such a forecast has not Stalin unwittingly performed a real service for the nations that have determined to make a stand? In addition to giving some indication of the impending direction of Russian policy, has he not called attention to a danger which in optimistic moments it is all too easy to ignore?

In recent weeks hopes for European federation have had such a boost that counter factors have been glossed over. The fact that France and Germany are still far from reaching a mutually acceptable formula for the Saar serves as but one telling reminder of persisting tensions.

The fear of German hegemony is acute in bordering lands; it is growing. The industrial revival of Western Germany and the extent to which German goods now dominate the markets in so many countries of the Continent tend to accentuate fears that have never genuinely subsided. A few years hence a newly aggressive German government could conceivably threaten the new European framework, if not the maintenance of peace itself.

Out in the Pacific, the resurgence of Japan likewise has its dangers, which are aggravated by the pressure of the Japanese population on meager natural resources, the problem of trade with Communist China and the anti-Western resentments of the Asiatics. Peace and prosperity in the Far East would seem even harder to come by than successful federation in Europe.

In short, lasting peace among the non-Communist nations of the world cannot be taken for granted. It cannot be attained for good and all by a certain date, but is a continuing task. The United States is permanently involved in Europe and Asia. If the USSR remains the chief threat to security in the world, it will not necessarily continue to be the only one. If, in fact, in some unforeseeable fashion the Soviet menace should subside within the next few years, even that would not automatically guarantee lasting peace.

NEXT WEEK

WALTER KERR reviews Angus Wilson's "Hemlock and After" in the Fall Book Number.

"The pattern is so consistent that it cannot be anything but deliberate. And it would seem to be linked, in Mr. Wilson's mind, with that rosily reasonable, cheerfully materialist humanism which so captured the imagination of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Much is made of the happy healthy future to which these enthusiasts once looked forward. The sole uncorrupted survivor, civil servant Charles Murley, is deeply puzzled that the dream should have worked out so badly. The promise of a brave new maturity has been deformed into its precise opposite."

A BATTLE OF BOOKS

THE fact that the people of the Soviet world are all but hermetically sealed off from competing ideas is a token of national weakness, not of strength. It is one of the things that sharply differentiate that realm from the political democracies. Yet the fact that a Communist regime would destroy our vaunted civil liberties somewhat complicates the matter; it often leads to actions that are as inappropriate in this country as they are ill-advised.

The Boston *Post* has protested about a lobby display focused on Karl Marx' *Das Kapital* in the Boston Public Library. The *Herald* has rallied to the library's defense. So, in general, has the *Pilot*, official weekly of the Boston archdiocese, which tends to agree with its daily contemporary that "to fight communism, we must know what Communists

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are doing and saying."

Finally the library trustees themselves have taken a vote on the advisability of keeping Communist books, pamphlets and periodicals on the public library shelves. Msgr. Robert H. Lord, the eminent historian, voted with the majority in the affirmative. It was a close decision, a vote of three to two.

It would seem, with the example of the Soviet Union now clearly before us, that American ideas and actualities should at least be able to stand comparison with their counterparts on the other side of the Curtain.

UNION SHOP C.O.

CIVIL-RIGHTS suits which affect freedom of conscience most often seem to involve a clash between an individual citizen and some government body, whether local or federal. In recent years, typical cases have been those which centered around refusal by members of the Jehovah's Witnesses to salute the flag or by adherents of various beliefs to register for military service. But now a suit filed against a private corporation raises issues which are very similar.

A New York railroad worker is asking court intervention to prevent the Staten Island Rapid Transit Corporation from discharging him for refusal to join the AFL Electrical Workers Union, with which the company has a union-shop contract. The individual in the case, Theodore F. Otten, is a member of the Plymouth Brethren sect, and he explains that his religious beliefs prevent him from "joining labor unions and other societies containing persons not of his religious faith."

One may sympathize with the reluctance of any union to encourage non-membership, especially on the part of those already benefiting in wages and working conditions as a result of union activity. And workers who pay their dues are often and understandably reluctant to work side-by-side with those who refuse to do so. But a case like this is a rare thing, and since it raises questions about freedom of conscience and a man's ability to work in his own field, it should be possible to achieve some sort of compromise satisfactory to all concerned.

Perhaps some arrangement could be worked out so that Mr. Otten could make a regular contribution to the union sick-benefit or other welfare fund, without having to violate his own beliefs by joining an organization with members not of his own religious persuasion. However it is done, the principle involved is an important one, for unions as well as for Mr. Otten, and a little flexibility in this matter will harm no one.

The current word is that the American Civil Liberties Union has offered its good offices to Mr. Otten in this matter. This is welcome news, but the AFL Electrical Workers would be better advised to work out a compromise before any court action takes place.

"NO TIME FOR CORRESPONDENCE"

THE telegram that follows was received at the offices of The Commonweal just as this issue went to press:

YOUR STEVENSON INDORSEMENT DEMANDS IMMEDIATE ACTION EITHER BY YOU OR US STOP YOU WILL REPUDIATE YOUR POORLY STUDIED ADVICE PUBLICLY AND AT ONCE OR YOU WILL BE INCLUDED IN OUR ALL OUT EXPOSE OF ADA STOP NO TIME FOR CORRESPONDENCE IS ALLOWED UNLESS I AM ASSURED BY MONDAY OF YOUR INTENT PHONE DETROIT DUNKIRK 24258 WE WILL PROCEED OUR CATHOLICS KNOW THAT COMMUNISM AND SOCIALISM ARE ALIKE STOP YOU HAVE EITHER BEEN MISLED OR ARE MISLEADING

MICHIGAN DEMOCRATS FOR EISENHOWER
WALTER MCNALLY

STAMPED AND REGISTERED

THE editor of the La Crosse *Register,* diocesan weekly of LaCrosse, Wisconsin (where we have fifteen subscribers), recently felt "compelled" to make some comment on The Commonweal. The editor, Father Anthony P. Wagener, said that there were two reasons for his decision: 1) "In answer to the honest requests for information on the subject on the part of a number of *Register* readers whose requests reflect a growing concern on the part of many Catholics who read extensively;" and 2) "Our studied conviction (Father Wagener's) that the *Commonweal* is not serving the better interests of the Church. This conviction is the result of a close study of *Commonweal's* editorial policy over a period of years and reflects the common opinion of a number of outstanding Catholics, lay and clerical, who, likewise, have watched the *Commonweal* with great concern."

Father Wagener goes on: "In no sense is the *Commonweal* to be considered as an official Catholic publication. Fortunately, its editors never claim that it is

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an official publication. It has no connection with the Church whatsoever. It is edited by a group of laymen who are of the Catholic faith. Its editors do not claim to be versed in the teachings of Catholic philosophy and theology. It is wrong to claim that it is a Catholic publication; it would be false to attribute any official status to the *Commonweal.*

"A Catholic publication has only one objective: To be *one* with the Church. It loses its claim to being Catholic if, under the guise of a false liberalism, it simply provides ammunition for the enemies of the Church.

"Among Catholic publications there can exist a wide area of differences of opinion on many matters. But when a publication reaches the point where its general editorial policy is constantly at variance with the vast majority of Catholic official publications, such a publication becomes 'suspect' of having lost its Catholic character. We feel the *Commonweal* is in this category."

Many Catholics will agree with Father Wagener that the editorial positions we have taken on various controversial issues were mistaken. But another group of "outstanding Catholics, lay and clerical," (our mail indicates) feel that we have been on the right track at least as often as those publications with which we have disagreed. The point is that infallibility rests with neither group. On practically every controversial issue that has prompted Father Wagener to write to us during the last two years, some other Catholic periodical ("official" publication, since that seems to figure so strongly with him) has joined forces with The Commonweal. Perhaps these publications, too, are soon to be read out of the Church by the editor of the La Crosse *Register,* but if so his list will have to include the official diocesan papers of Davenport, Iowa and Indianapolis, Indiana as well as the clerical review, *The Priest,* among others.

As Father Wagener says, we have never held that The Commonweal is an official Church publication. In fact we have gone out of our way time and again to disavow any such claim. To say, though, that The Commonweal "has no connection with the Church whatsoever" seems to be overstating the case.

We number among our contributors many of the leading Catholic writers in the world, both clerical and lay. For twenty-eight years this magazine has played a significant role in American Catholic life. It is a member of the Catholic Press Association, and its status as a Catholic publication—"unofficial," of course—is generally accepted. For instance, in the editorial from Jesuit *America* which we have reprinted in this issue, The Commonweal is referred to as one of the "two Catholic weekly reviews of opinion in the United States."

According to Father Wagener, "its editors (The Commonweal's) do not claim to be versed in the teachings of Catholic philosophy and theology." Until now it has not occurred to us to make any such claim, but it should be evident to a fellow editor that without some competence in these matters The Commonweal would long ago have floundered even more seriously than he apparently thinks it has. And it is unlikely that the magazine would, in that case, have been able to number many of the Church's leading scholars among its regular contributors.

Catholic theology and philosophy are vast subjects, and it is a confident man indeed who would claim to have mastered them. But for the record let us set down the following: the present four active editors of The Commonweal hold between them seven college degrees. Five of these degrees were granted by American Jesuit schools. Two of the present editors formerly taught at Catholic universities—Loyola (Chicago), the University of Detroit, and Notre Dame. Another member of the editorial staff, the present writer, just four years ago was the only layman enrolled in the Theology Faculty at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, where he studied St. Thomas under the Dominicans. The Commonweal is not a scholarly review and we pretend to no special technical competence, but it does not seem immodest to claim that we are well enough versed in Catholic philosophy and theology for our journalistic needs.

Just what Father Wagener wants, we are not sure. Perhaps it is the total suppression of the "unofficial" lay publications. Perhaps it is an entirely uniform Catholic opinion on such matters as Senator McCarthy's crusade, what the La Crosse *Register* calls "Koreanism," and the glories of Franco's Spain. Father Wagener says that "a Catholic publication has only one objective: to be one with the Church." Unless we are seriously misinformed, that oneness is established at the altar, not at the polling booth. To re-enforce the impression that the Church is the regimented, monolithic political monster that Mr. Blanshard has popularized seems to us to be providing ammunition to the enemies of the Church, more surely than any disagreement about the U. S. China policy, State censorship of films, or civil liberty in Spain.

Father Wagener, or any other Catholic, may rightly demand from us theological orthodoxy. If heresy is the burden of his charge, then let him specify. But we think he will have a hard time establishing that support of the junior Senator from his own State or of the Spanish dictator has become an article of faith, or even that the opposite of the "false liberalism" which we are supposed to be hiding behind is a test, not only of American patriotism, as Senator McCarthy would have it, but of Catholic orthodoxy, as Father Wagener implies.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Notes on Spain

A FRIEND WHISPERED: "IT IS THE ONLY GOVERNMENT POSSIBLE UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES"

H. A. REINHOLD

MY neighbors on the bus between Malaga and San Roque, where you change to a taxi in order to go into Gibraltar, were a white collar worker and a mechanic. The mechanic, a bright young lad, lived in Casablanca and was in Malaga on a visit. He spoke French as his second language and was able to help me with my poor, insufficient Spanish. The white collar man, about thirty-five years old, saw my copy of *Foto,* a *Life*-like picture magazine, which was dedicated to the supposed next President of the United States (*Yo quiero a Ike*); to a pudgy little man with a yachting hat whom the caption described as the *Caudillo;* and to fashion, sports events and a full page of jokes.

Page fifteen of that issue of *Foto* showed all the American Presidents, thirty-two of them, and my white-collar companion put his finger on number thirty-one, made the typical Spanish gesture of contempt, and then said, "A very bad man!", meaning of course the late F.D.R. Why? Because he was a Communist and very mean to Spain. (Clamp a lid on a country, keep repeating the same thing and even intelligent and quite well-educated men will believe your line.)

Since the man seemed to have an open mind I took courage to ask him a few questions. There were two carabineros with bayonets at both doors of the bus, but they would not hear us because of the rattling and creaking of the old crate.

I found answers to some questions which had puzzled me. My new friend obviously did not approve of Franco and all his works. He whispered: "It is the only government possible under these circumstances." He pointed to the shabby clothes, the poor houses, the filthy cafes on the side of the road—and this was Andalusia, the most fertile part of Spain. He said: "You see, we have no independent middle class. If Franco went out, we would have the same chaos we had before his uprising. The man is not what we want, but he is doing better than expected."

He hinted he did not like the fascist aspects of his government, but having seen the appalling murder and terror of the Republic and the Loyalists before order was restored, he chose Franco as the lesser of two evils. That he knew what he was talking about became clear to me when he spoke of his Bishop, Don Angel Herrera of Malaga, and of the Bishop's valiant stand in matters social, i.e., the application of the Papal teaching. It was the only time there was a dedicated and enthusiastic glint in his eye.

I had called on Bishop Herrera the day before and saw him confirm a class of children in his private chapel. I listened to him give a simple but profoundly moving homily; I saw him stand at the door talking to the newly confirmed children and their parents, individually; I saw him deal gently and charitably with a perfect bore; I felt a lift when he finally turned to me and, after a few amenities, told me that he was going to be Archbishop Lucey's guest in San Antonio this November and planned to spend several months in the United States in 1953.

Bishop Herrera, as a layman, was national director of Catholic Action before the Civil War, and, by a stroke of Providence, a student for the priesthood in Fribourg during the late thirties, so he was spared the ordeal and the conflicting passions of the Civil War. I am sure that he is fully aware of the political quandary of Spain, but as a Bishop sees his task as constructive: guiding the dictator into the field of social justice and a more equal distribution of the goods of this earth—without which no government in Spain but a dictatorship has

Father Reinhold recently visited Europe for the first time since he became a refugee from Germany in the 1930's.

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any chance to survive. There is no doubt there is a vast and obvious difference between mistaking Franco's dictatorship as a divinely approved establishment, whose spiritual counterpart is the Catholic Church, and as the lesser of two evils. The alternative to Franco is not only uncertain, but there is some probability that his downfall would mean another bloody mess, perpetrated on a country ravaged by war, destruction and a drought of eight years, not to speak of its lack of capital, industry, of agricultural development and of rural housing progress.

THERE is no doubt that in thirteen years of uneasy peace, helped by neutrality in the last war, the government has done an efficient job of building. The whole slope of Madrid to the northwest, where all the fighting took place, is covered with two new developments: a city of apartment houses, which are ugly and inevitably condemned to blight, and the ostentatious "University City," an enormous campus, about two by three miles square, with a stadium, avenues, tennis courts, palatial faculty buildings, clinics, laboratories and libraries, some of them in historical, some in modern style. The slope is green with trees. The roads are excellent.

I am quite willing to draw up a list of Franco's achievements and it may not even be complete. I saw the busy and prosperous industrial city of Barcelona; I saw three modern, first-class American-style hospitals (at Gerona, Madrid and Granada), enormous, tall buildings, by the way; I saw bustling city traffic, comparatively well kept highways, new housing in suburban areas of Madrid, Granada and Barcelona; I stopped at well-run hotels crowded with large Spanish families able to pay ten dollars a room and two dollars a meal. Such ancient jewels as Toledo, Granada and its Alhambra, Seville and its Cathedral, have a charm that puts them almost—not quite—on a level with Florence, Siena and Assisi.

On the debit side of the ledger, I have a few notes to make. Take the army. It is ubiquitous, ragged, sloppy-looking and, judging from the pale, sallow complexion of its young men, not very well fed. The officers, on the other hand, are dressy, well fed and might arouse the envy of the United States Air Force. Naked children, two or three years old, playing in the dust and mud outside a cave or a windowless shack, can be seen all over the rich, irrigated farm land along the Quadalquivir. The rare villages on the desert-like plateau around Madrid look dilapidated, dirty and poor, and their houses are fit to serve as a stage setting for "Tobacco Road."

In all these journeys across the country, when I was looking with constant and alert interest for any indication of new efforts, I saw one small rural housing development on the Mediterranean coast. There may be dozens or even hundreds, but they were not visible where I was. They are built by trade unions, and as trade unions are affiliated to the Falange. Who do you think will get these new houses? As my white-collar bus companion said, "Of course, you have to have a clean record."

The two main streets of every city, town and village bear the name of the physical father of the regime, Francisco Franco, or of its intellectual progenitor, Jose Antonio Prismode Rivera, son of Spain's first dictator and shot by the Loyalists.

The totalitarian atmosphere, the kinship with fascism, came to mind in the ubiquitous falange symbols and the armed carabineros posted on the highways, at points from five to ten miles apart. A friend of mine was stopped twenty times to have his papers inspected on the road between Madrid and Barcelona, before he gave up counting. Another friend, driving to Ternel, was stopped in almost every hamlet after dark. It was not serious and the guards were polite, but if he had not had an American diplomatic passport, he might have had a little more annoying time of it.

To one who once knew the Nazi and Fascist atmosphere, there is a characteristic odor which makes even a weak whiff of it unmistakable. Whatever the name, the odor rising from enclosure, secret police, strutting common-place looking men, commandeered rejoicing, and the kind of justice meted out in Barcelona, Warsaw, Prague and Moscow is unforgettable.

The heroism that went into the war in Spain on both sides is a reality, witnessed most movingly in that chamber of the Alcazar in Toledo that has been made into a shrine of valor: the two telephones, whose receivers were held by a grief stricken father, a Francoite General defending the Alcazar, and by his boy, a captive of the Loyalists, saying farewell to each other, because the father would not buy his son's life by surrendering and the son would not cry and whimper for his life. "Un abrazo muy fuerte, papa." "A great big hug, Dad," "A great big hug, son," were the last words spoken by father and son on this line across the lines. When the boy went out to be shot, the General, I think Moscador is his memorable name, carried on the defense of women and children in the collapsing ruins of the officer's school. This is greatness.

THERE is a drastic shortage of priests in Spain. In Granada, I, a stranger, had to take a scheduled Mass in the Cathedral parish church. I met a Yugoslav priest at the other end of Spain who had nine parishes to look after. Spanish parishes are without pastors, but not from lack of vocations, as in France. Seminaries are bursting at the seams with students. But there is the ghastly fact, which many confused liberals even to this day like to make light of, that many, many priests and bishops were murdered and killed during the three years

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preceding Franco's revolt and during the first months of the Civil War.

It was a carnage unique in the history of the Church, because it was committed long before foreign Communists took over by default and it was committed by Spanish Catholics. One priest in Barcelona said to me, "Oh you are all alike in America. You don't understand us here. We are so Catholic that we can even from time to time murder our priests and still remain a Catholic country to the core." I am glad I don't understand this. I may be too simple for such subtleties. But I don't think one has to be subtle to see that there is something weird about contemporary Spanish Catholicism, which no reference to Teresa, El Greco, the conversion of South America and the great mystics can efface.

On the other hand, you have men like Angel Herrera —obviously a saintly, gentle, honest and just man, a true shepherd, who uses his moral prestige to bring Spain the blessings of Christian social doctrine translated into deeds. This is done in fortitude, patience and without any show of anything more than mere acceptance of the status quo.

That Catholics, especially clergy and religious, should recognize a debt towards Franco and the movement which stopped wholesale murder of their fellow priests, of religious and devoted laymen, only a fanatic could ignore. After all, the number of priests taken out and shot in cold blood is somewhere near the ten-thousand mark. This gratitude becomes all the more understandable when one considers that the Caudillo practices his religion, is courteous to priests, has churches restored and seminaries built. I did not see any indications that the clergy were living off the fat of the land; their standard of living is below that of American, English and German priests or ministers. Still, the question remains: how could these priest-lynching, church-burning crowds be stirred up against gentle, spiritual men?

I don't pretend to have an answer—not even after reading scores of books on this subject and a visit to Spain, neither after listening to certain cold-eyed professional liberals, nor to the ravings of Roy Campbell, nor to the standard explanations of certain religious writers who clear up everything by referring to Anglo-Saxon moralism and its inability to comprehend the Latin mind.

HERE are two items for a finale. Scene: the sombre and venerable Cathedral in Barcelona. High Mass is going on at the main altar. All through it I observe the following: guides are taking tourists around, mostly French people, stopping for loud explanations. Two boys in surplice and cassock walk around in the congregation hawking the parish bulletin in a rather loud voice, loud enough to be heard over the singing; the organ plays with little relation to the goings-on in the choir and sanctuary; the choir has definitely not rehearsed its parts; deacon and subdeacon are utterly bored, gaze around, genuflect, walk and turn without coordination; the sermon has nothing to do with life but is a dry disquisition on some points of the Gospel.

But more than all this, the congregation, about one hundred and twenty men and women, lost in this vast edifice, doesn't seem to have a single idea of what to do or when. They get up, sit down, or kneel, as the spirit moves them, quite innocent of any knowledge of their part in the Mass. Indiscriminate admirers of Latin Catholicism will tell me, I know, that the Spaniards are proud individualists— well, maybe. Others will explain that they were never instructed sufficiently —well, most of these men and women are over thirty, so they grew up when there was no shortage of priests.

At the Mass I celebrated on a Sunday in Granada, at the vast *Sagrario*—a parish church built onto the enormous cathedral—my congregation at the scheduled nine o'clock mass consisted of about one hundred people, two-thirds elderly women. I gave Communion to about forty ladies who wore some kind of holy picture around their necks, and to ten men (three of them Austrian seminarians). There was no sermon, no gospel, no announcements. It was a scheduled, regular parish Mass, in a parish of ten thousand souls.

In the incomparable Prado Museum in Madrid are priceless masterpieces, as in churches, chapels and sacristies all over the land. Most of the paintings and almost all sculptures in the Prado could be thrown away without any loss to civilization, but the Prado would still be worth a trip to Madrid. There is one curious painting showing the "Holy Inquisition" at work. While the auto da fé—the burning of poor devils convicted of heresy or witchcraft—is depicted in detail, a monk sits in silent grandeur on his judicial throne, and the monk has a halo. The people who see nothing amiss in this are growing scarce. Exercising the utmost in charity, all we can muster is a gasp, a shrug, and the word that Spain is an "enigma."

I hope it will work itself out over there, the bishops and priests and Christians giving justice to the poor and so whittling away at the cruelty and harshness of the government and propertied classes, relieving economic duress until, given sufficient time, freedom and justice are established. To help this process along, we must know the conditions and not fool ourselves. A Christian "underground" (not of ambushes and bombs, but of moral support, of money investments made for the right causes, of awakening consciences; in short of care, solicitude and charity) is needed. It would be tragic if impatience, instead of gently easing the sick country into health, jarred it into another hemorrhage. Again noble men would have to die, less as Christian witnesses than for their blindness and complacency.

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The Death of Bishop Ford

"GRANT US, LORD, TO BE THE DOORSTEP BY WHICH THE MULTITUDES MAY COME TO WORSHIP THEE"

JULIE BEDIER

IT was a chill day in January, 1952, and the dank atmosphere of the unheated Chinese prison struck through to the marrow of the bones. A slight, emaciated young woman, in ragged Chinese garments, limped along the dark corridor. She was a Maryknoll Sister, far from her native land.

Over her shoulder the young woman carried a coolie's shoulder pole, with two five-gallon cans of water dangling from its ends. Her bare foot slipped suddenly on the wet stone floor, and she went down on one knee. She struggled to rise, and then stopped, breathless. From her position on the floor she could see through the low ventilator slits in a wooden door. What she saw was a prisoner, a Chinese, carrying a man down the stairs, slung over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. She recognized the Chinese gown, now ragged and dirty, of the helpless man. It belonged to Bishop Ford, captive of the Chinese Reds since December, 1950.

The Chinese prisoner stood the Bishop on his feet and ordered him to walk. The sick man stood a moment, feet wide apart, arms outstretched, trying to balance himself. The water-carrier (Sister Joan Marie, of Maryknoll) then saw his face. It was the face of an old man, haggard, hollow-eyed, with long white hair and bushy beard. He was unable to walk, so his Chinese companion dragged him roughly along out of her sight.

A few months later, in August, Sister Joan Marie was relieved of her duties as prison water-carrier and called to the head office of the prison authorities. She was shown photographs of the Bishop, who was either dead or near to death when the pictures were taken. She was taken out to see his grave, and was forced to sign a paper stating that Bishop Ford had died of old age and illness, despite the special medical attention and care lavished on him by the Communists. In a few days they sent for her and told her she was free. They sent a guard with her to the border, where she was welcomed into Hongkong.

Weak and ill but eager to talk, Sister Joan Marie told of the nightmare years since the day in December, 1950, when Bishop Ford had been arrested in his See city of Kaying. She, his secretary, had been arrested at the same time, and like him subjected for months to continual questioning. She and the Bishop were then transferred to prison in Canton, and the Reds telegraphed ahead to have suitable "spontaneous" demonstrations arranged.

At each city along the route the pair were taken off the bus and paraded through the streets, between lines of the screaming populace. Middle-school students, worked up to a frenzy, were armed with sticks, stones and refuse. Arms bound behind his back, the Bishop walked slowly and with dignity, head bowed, while blows rained on him. He could not fend off the blows, but he refused to hurry. Students tripped him up by thrusting sticks between his legs as he walked. When he fell they half buried him under filth and refuse. Calmly and without complaining, the Bishop, followed by Sister Joan Marie, ran this gauntlet of abuse at every stop.

Arrived at the Canton prison, the two were searched; the Bishop forced to undress and expose his poor bare bones in front of the Sister, so as to humiliate them both. The two captives were then separated. Sister Joan Marie, younger and more resilient, was set to work on the prison water-carrier squad.

Winters in Canton are not freezing, but are dank and disagreeably cold. Sister Joan Marie suffered greatly from having to sleep on the damp cement floor, from the mosquitoes, from the poor and scanty food, and from the lack of water for washing. One day a guard came bringing her a bundle—Bishop Ford's old smoking jacket, a kimona, a padded quilt, a pillow and a mosquito net. She guessed that the Bishop had been able to get some of his things sent on from Kaying, and was giving them to her. If she did not take them, the guard said, the prison authorities would.

So she accepted this last gift—the poor little comforts that could mean the difference between life and death in the cold, malaria-ridden prison. She took them with tears, and a kind of jubilation, as if a sacrament were being received. She had no more news of

Julie Bedier is a member of the Maryknoll Sisters. For some years she worked as a missionary in the Orient.

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the Bishop until the day she slipped down on the corridor floor and saw him through the slits in the door, incredibly aged, unable to walk, the victim of illness and abuse, or possibly of tortures beyond imagining.

FRANCIS FORD as a young missionary priest and as a youthful Bishop (he was consecrated in 1935 at the age of forty-three) impressed everyone with his personal charm and courage. America's Catholic Foreign Mission Society, commonly called Maryknoll, was only a plan in the minds of its founders when young Francis Xavier Ford joined up as its first student. That was in September, 1912. It took courage for the young man, then a student at Brooklyn Cathedral College, to stake his future and his life's work on such a nebulous beginning. He was ordained priest in 1917 and left for China the next year, in Maryknoll's pioneer mission group.

In 1929 Father Ford was made Vicar Apostolic of the new Xavier mission, and later became its first Bishop. There he stayed all during World War II, caring for refugees. Even after the Reds took over China, he refused to leave his diocese and his people.

On his all too infrequent trips home to the States, Bishop Ford was not too successful as a gatherer of funds for his mission work. Other missioners, quite truthfully, might mention some of their hardships, some of the difficulties of living in a foreign land among people with (to us) outlandish ways. Not Bishop Ford. He felt no hardships, thought Chinese ways better than ours, had nothing to tell that would draw sympathy and dollars. *His* people were just wonderful.

When Bishop Ford organized his diocese of Kaying, he pioneered in many a new idea considered daring at the time. Prominent among these was the way in which he employed the missionary Sisters of Maryknoll. He made his diocese a non-institutional one. Each of his parishes had its school with native teachers, and he soon started a seminary to train Chinese boys for the priesthood. He also had a novitiate where Chinese girls were trained for a native Sisterhood. There was a language school, where Maryknoll Sisters newly arrived from America set to work at once, learning the language of the people so as to speak it like one of them. Outside of these there were no institutions; no orphanages, no old folks' homes, no academies.

The Sisters' center house was at the language school in Kaying. There each one spent a year or two after she first arrived on the mission. To this house all the Sisters came back, four times a year, for retreats, a get-together for a few weeks, and a few more lessons in Chinese speech, reading and writing. A few Sisters staffed this house, and here lived Sister Joan Marie, who took care of the Bishop's correspondence.

However, most of the Sisters lived out in the villages among the rice fields, in the so-called "little houses." The "little houses" were Chinese native buildings, each one a convent for two nuns.

FROM each little house as a center the Sisters circulated, by turns, throughout the rural countryside. While one stayed home, caring for sacristy and catechetical work around the mission, the other, with a native woman as companion, walked the paths between the rice paddies to this village and that, sometimes twenty miles or more in a day, perhaps making an extended tour of several days before returning home.

Arrived at a little group of farmhouses, the two visitors would be welcomed into the home of a Chinese family. They might stay overnight or longer, depending on the needs of their work; taking potluck, sleeping Chinese style on the hard boards, instructing the children, the adults, visiting the sick, until it was time to move on. Thus each convent was the center of a wide area; the Sisters, few in number, had a remarkably wide influence.

The Kaying diocese, being largely rural, lacked the numerous cases of abandoned infants and the terrible poverty so often met in the big cities. However, some cases did come up, as they do everywhere, and the Bishop had his own ways of caring for persons in need. Orphans were placed with some Christian family. Food, medicine, clothing and bedding might be carried to the sick poor in their homes, and the Sisters cared for bodily needs on their visits while giving instruction in doctrine. This conception of mission work without institutions was progressive in the extreme, and in China the Bishop's plan of little houses and direct evangelical work for Sisters was startlingly new.

Bishop Ford's sermons and little talks to the Sisters at times of retreat were extraordinarily interesting and inspiring. He never "orated" but talked in a conversational tone, out of his heart and experience. Deeply spiritual, he found it no effort to speak of God, Who was always in his mind.

He used to tell the Sisters not to pray for martyrdom; it might be presumptuous. How did they know they deserved such a grace? No doubt he, in his humble way, felt the same way about himself. A prayer that he composed throws additional light on the secret communings of this ardent soul with his God.

Grant us, Lord, to be the doorstep by which the multitudes may come to worship Thee. And if, in the saving of their souls, we are ground underfoot and spat upon and worn out, at least we shall have served Thee in some small way in helping pagan souls; we shall have become the King's Highway in pathless China.

It seems that God took him, literally, at his word.

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Christian Democrats Take Stock

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

THE Christian Democratic political parties have a respectable record since 1945. But in those first bright days they aimed much higher than mere respectability. Christianity carries in itself the roots of all social progress. It had been forced onto the defensive by liberalism and later by Marxism. But the position had been restored, a doctrine worked out and organizations created. Now, therefore, was the time to go over to the offensive: to prove that Christianity could not merely inspire the long-awaited synthesis of the liberal and socialist views, but pass beyond that and add elements of its own. Christianity, in short, must be made the spearhead as well as the foundation of political progress.

It would be unfair, yet, to say that these hopes have been disappointed. Seven years is a short interval in a political revolution. Yet neither can it be said that these hopes have notably been fulfilled. Some of the Christian Democratic parties are more conscious of this than others. French politicians have been known to refer to the weekly *crise de conscience* of the MRP. But even the less sensitive (and more right-wing) sections of Christian Democracy are today aware that all has not gone according to plan.

This year's annual congress of the Union of Christian Democrats at Fribourg, Switzerland, was accordingly made the occasion for a general examination of conscience, with reports from each of the Union's national committees on the strength and weakness of Christianity in European Democracy.

The limelight was stolen—in spite of some admirable and, for once, very much down-to-earth discussion of Europe beyond the Iron Curtain—by a report on the Christian Democratic party programs by Professor R. Houben, General Secretary of the Belgian *Parti Social Chrétien.*

Mr. Houben did not suggest—nor did any other speaker—that these programs fall short on fundamental principles. The Christian parties, with their emphasis on social grouping and on educative and consultative methods, bring the same innovation into politics as Elton Mayo or Lloyd Warner (or, twenty years before them, Canon Cardijn) have into industrial organization. They have taken care to stand on the shoulders, and use the ideas, of both their liberal and their socialist predecessors. And they neatly combine a conservative respect for stability, property and the principle that going concerns should continue to go, with a radical critique of the existing order.

Nor is there much to criticize in their day-to-day tactics. They may make mistakes here from time to time. But Adenauer, De Gasperi, or Bidault, whatever other qualities they may not have, do not lack skill in political jugglery.

The trouble seems to be a certain immaturity in working out what might be called "middle principles" of politics. The party programs speak of European unity: but by exactly what steps, and have the consequences of each been fully thought out? It is significant that it is only now, *after* the establishment of the European coal and steel Community and proposals for a European constitution, that the Union of Christian Democrats is turning its full attention to the question of continental federation.

The programs speak of "the free trade union in the organized profession." But what exactly is the organized profession to do? And how far is Europe to move in the direction of the Taft-Hartley Act? The status of women as defined by the *Code Napoléon* and the relation between Church and State as defined by Catholic integralists about 1850 no longer meet with the approval of Christian Democracy. But what, once again, are the right alternative principles?

THE failure to give concrete and mature answers to such questions as these affect different Christian Democratic parties in different degrees. It is very marked in the Italian Center, whose leaders (above all the second rank and local leaders) were banned by twenty years of fascism from the normal ripening processes of political life. Yet in every country there is, as Professor Houben put it, too much thesis and too little hypothesis: too many high-flown principles and too few guiding lines for the actual politics of the next five or ten years.

This state of affairs raises some very far-reaching questions. The national committee reports show that the main reason for this weakness is the tendency, until very recently, to think of Christian political activity primarily in terms of the defense of general Christian interests in such matters as education, marriage or the relation of Church and State. Defense slipped easily into conservatism.

Awkward issues had to be played down to maintain the unity of all Christian forces. Opposing social views no doubt confronted one another at party meetings and in the inner councils, but the fresh air of public controversy was missing. With specifically religious issues so much in the foreground it was fatefully easy

Mr. Fogarty, of Nuffield College, Oxford, has long been active in European Catholic social and political movements.

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to substitute theological and philosophical generalities for the concrete discussion of social problems.

The reports show that this state of affairs is passing. In most countries the idea of a denominational party, and in all the idea of a party linked to or controlled by the Hierarchy, is dead. The idea of gathering all Christian forces into one party—as apart from inter-party combinations to defend Christian interests in, for example, education—is losing ground, even as an ideal.

The MRP in particular would flatly repudiate any such objective. Political life in the world of Christian Democracy is recovering its proper (if limited) autonomy over against the ecclesiastical sphere.

YET the dispute is far from over. If the French repudiate the idea of a single Christian or Catholic party, Dutch Catholics, with their bishops behind them, take a very different view—on which there has recently been a vigorous exchange of views between the Dutch Catholic trade-union press and that of the Dutch Labor Party. There are two sides to this debate. For in spite of the above-mentioned disadvantages, results show that there is much to be said for the Dutch Catholic point of view. To sort all this out will take at least another generation.

Meanwhile there is the problem of giving Christian Democracy a sharper cutting edge here and now, and for the purpose of organizing a keener confrontation of views within and between the parties as they now are. The Union of Christian Democrats as the one formal link between them proposes to take an active hand in this. It has set up a committee on the parties' general programs and another to deal specifically with problems arising out of European unity.

This new activity of the UCD is worth watching and encouraging. The Union began just after the war, as a point of contact between political leaders. However, exchanges between ministers and party leaders do not take place in open session or at annual congresses. After one or two striking initial successes (notably its Luxemburg congress of 1948, a milestone on Germany's way back into the European community) the UCD became something of a back number, an excuse for pleasant weekends for former cabinet ministers and politicians of the second rank. Now, it appears to be finding its feet again as European Christian democracy's equivalent of the Fabian Society.

On this basis it has been able to call up a new wave of youth and enthusiasm. The Belgian and French delegations at Fribourg were particularly notable from this point of view. I think, for instance, of a fiery sermon which brought down the house by Mlle. Meeus, the young Assistant Secretary of the *Parti Social Chrétien*. The Christian Democratic parties have placed the human personality in the forefront of their programs. Could they not remember, Mlle. Meeus pleaded, that women have it as well as men? (If one knows Belgian families, especially middle-class families, it is easy to see what she means).

THE UCD's new turn may also make it easier to bridge the gap between Christian Democracy and the British political parties. The Union has never been formally an association of parties. The members of its national groups join as individuals. But it has in fact been too closely identified with the parties for such British politicians who might otherwise have had something to do with it. The Labor Party, for example, has found its ties with continental socialism, which it does not wish to break—nor, probably, should it be encouraged to.

It is not difficult to see Labor's mission in Europe as one of tightening—or, in a number of countries, of building—a link between the socially progressive Christian movements and the increasingly democratic and personalist forces of social-democracy. But so long as the tie with socialism exists, a formal or even an informal connection with UCD in its earlier form is bound to be hard to establish.

If, however, the UCD is now turning toward the idea, not so much of a common political front as of a common research program (appealing to the back-room boys of the parties and to what might be called the academic wing, less closely identified with party machinery and public activity) a link should be much easier to forge.

A small British all-laity group has for some time been associated with the UCD. The main need now, if finances could be found, is for a liaison bureau of the Union in London—something perhaps on the lines of the existing Fabian Colonial Bureau—to build up personal contacts and the exchange of ideas and documents between continental Christian Democracy and British political circles, Conservative and Labor alike.

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY.

AN APPEAL

Reverend Mother M. Dominic, superior of a community of Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, with several houses in the famine areas of Madras, calls attention to their work among the "socially downtrodden." "This is the very first time we are appealing for help outside." Among other things, the community staffs three orphanages which shelter a thousand children. "The demand for our services is insistent and increasing . . . but we have no equipment, no funds." Donations may be sent directly to: Rev. Mother M. Dominic, St. Joseph's Convent, Kalathiappa Mudaly St., Vepery, Madras, India.

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THE SCREEN

THE BUGS AND THE MOVIES

ONE thing that the two biographical films reviewed this week have in common is the oft-repeated idea that the innovator's, like the policeman's, lot is very hard indeed. Perhaps it will always be so. We are all resentful of change, and somehow we seldom honor the man who pops up with new ideas—until after his death.

Seeing in 1952 the film about Jean Henri Fabre, we are impressed with how difficult life could be for a scientist a hundred years ago. Fabre was widely ridiculed because of his interest in insects, and he had to continue for years as an underpaid mathematics teacher. Fortunately, Fabre's good English friend, John Stuart Mill, was frequently on hand with much needed cash for Fabre's growing family; and Mill insisted that Fabre write his discoveries in books and pamphlets.

Although at times this story doesn't exactly make lively movie material, Jack Kirkland has written a good script. It presents Fabre's conflicts with his fellow-educators well, and it reflects the intolerance of the times for a scientist who thought the Hunting Wasp was worth writing about. The best parts of the film are the microscopic close-ups of insects in action, and Director Henri Diamant-Berger wisely inserted these whenever the plot was getting too talkative. The shots of the experiment with bees (which led Fabre to his conclusions about the thin line between intelligence and instinct), the battle between the red and black ants (in which Fabre refused to take sides: "Does God interfere? Let's not try to do better than He"), and the fight between two male scorpions over a female who promptly eats the victor after the mating, are as exciting as anything the movies usually dish up.

The lead role is well, though not particularly brilliantly, acted by Pierre Fresnay, who follows the standard portraits of crotchety and frustrated geniuses. And the supporting cast capably portray Fabre's large family and friends and opposers, and several big-shots of the day, including Napoleon III and Eugenie. The photography, under the direction of Claude Renoir, is extremely handsome and includes many lovely shots of the French locales. One point that distinguishes "The Amazing Monsieur Fabre" is that Producer Walter Futter made his film in France with a French cast, all of whom speak English. This leads to a variety of accents but it makes the picture easier to follow than many foreign-language films that use sub-titles.

EVEN though its major premise, that William Friese-Greene was the first man to produce and patent a commercially practical motion picture camera, is debatable, "The Magic Box" is an interesting and handsomely-made movie. Evidently the English decided to get in on the act, and since there seems to be much disagreement among the authorities as to who did make the first movies, they thought they'd do a little thumping for their boy. As far as I can make out, Edison *was* first, but there were so many inventors working simultaneously in various countries, the point will always be disputed. Anyway, the English have a case and the entire British motion picture industry united to make this super-duper film about Friese-Greene for their big Festival a couple of years back.

The story is told in two major flashbacks from the day in 1921 on which Friese-Greene died penniless—or almost penniless: he had the price of a seat at the cinema. The first flashback is told by his second wife and shows the impractical, impecunious inventor working on color in motion pictures while his family tries to figure out how to pay the bills. The second flashback shows how it all started with a young photographer who had some wonderful ideas on "the persistence of vision" and pictures in motion. His frail first wife (Maria Schell) had more patience than most women and really had a very hard time of it living with this ill-fated man of ideas. His second wife (Margaret Johnson) after mothering several sons, went out and got herself a job.

In between these various family scenes are many shots of Friese-Greene inventing and perfecting—but seldom selling. Maybe there should be a special institution set up for experimenters so they won't have to worry about the business of earning a living. But in any case, Robert Donat plays this inventor with charm that is great and lovable—as long as someone else is living with him. John Boulting manages to get a lot of movement into the script written by Eric Ambler. The sets of the English '80s and '90s are stunning; and the large cast gives its all for this chauvinistic project. In fact this cast is full of surprises, with first-rate actors like Leo Genn, Glynis Johns, Michael Redgrave, Margaret Rutherford, Kay Walsh, Sybil Thorndike and many others playing bit roles. Biggest surprise comes when Laurence Olivier turns up as a policeman—the first man, in fact, to witness Friese-Greene's pictures actually moving.

Perhaps because of this amazing cast and the good production, "The Magic Box" is able to overcome the difficulties that most biographical films get themselves into—a stodgy verboseness that's frequently polite but seldom cinematic. "The Magic Box," in spite of its pathetic and unrecognized hero, is fun to watch—and its Technicolor, which would have pleased Friese-Greene, is magnificent. Altogether, this film is a fitting and pleasing tribute to the man.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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OF NOTE

"OUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT"

THE following editorial appeared in the October 4th issue of *America*, Catholic Review of the Week edited by Jesuit Fathers.

The four-page signed editorial in The Commonweal for September 26 endorsing the candidacy of Governor Stevenson raises an interesting question: how should the Catholic press write about politics, especially during election campaigns?

The Commonweal occupies a unique position in American Catholic journalism. It is a weekly review of opinion, edited entirely by Catholic laymen, concerned (among other things) with "the evaluation of political, social and economic issues." Its editors try to analyze such issues in terms of Catholic social teaching as they understand it. There is, very clearly, nothing "official" about The Commonweal. It depends for its circulation upon the extent to which the American public finds its weekly issues a valuable expression of informed opinion on current events. Since its editors profess to be guided by Catholic doctrine, one may conclude that The Commonweal will attract the kind of reader it now has only so long as it convinces them that what appears in its pages falls within the rather elastic limits of defensible Catholic comment on public affairs.

There seems to be no conclusive reason why such a journal should not announce its political preference during a Presidential campaign. No one can reasonably infer that the Catholic Church is in any way involved in this endorsement, which is a considered statement of the personal convictions of the four editors who signed it. The editorial attempts to justify the staff's choice of Governor Stevenson by an objective presentation of reasons. The endorsement is explicitly described as revocable. It recognizes the possibility that other American Catholics, applying the same standards, could reach a different conclusion.

Many Catholics will disagree with The Commonweal's contention that its staff could "withhold their endorsement," as they say, "only at the risk of intellectual and moral dishonesty." This alleged compulsion undoubtedly sprang from strong personal convictions which strike us as less than persuasive. The Commonweal enjoys a wide latitude of editorial freedom, which certainly includes that of *not* endorsing candidates.

Diocesan weeklies and scores of other rather special-purpose Catholic publications are too closely identified with the Church and with religious organizations to admit of party commitments. Some of them deal with those political questions which their editors, exercising the wide discretion allowed them, seem to feel are relevant to the purpose of their publications. Opinions can certainly differ on whether or not a great deal of subjectivism enters into the decision to treat this or that political question and to treat it in this or that way. The difference between the way political questions are handled in the Catholic press and in Catholic colleges (in courses in economics, sociology and political science) is not always complimentary to Catholic journalism.

This Review, unlike nearly all other American Catholic publications, aims to report and evaluate all important public issues week by week. Its editors try to write about them in the role, one might say, of Catholic university professors turned journalists. They make a very special effort during election campaigns to avoid even the semblance of party commitments. As priest-editors, they are under this limitation. The Commonweal is not. That is one important difference between the only two Catholic weekly reviews of opinion in the United States.

COMMUNICATIONS

"OUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT"

"Our Choice for President" has elicited an exceptionally wide response. We are publishing the following letters as generally representative of the two points of view expressed by the many who have written us.

Lake Village, Arkansas

TO the Editors: The September 26 issue of The Commonweal arrived this afternoon and I wish to express my unreserved approval of your calm and accurate appraisal of the candidates and their campaign, and to commend the admirable courage you displayed in stating your position so objectively and so clearly.

In speaking for yourselves, you also spoke for me. A few days ago, in a spirited discussion with a priest friend, who was befuddled by Eisenhower's "mess-in-Washington" theme, I gave expression to most of your editorial's ideas, often in the very same language. For example, in answering his query about the "loss of China", I said that it was the "mistake of all of us, and the beginnings of that mistake went back to the days of Yalta, when General MacArthur himself was demanding sixty Russian divisions for the Far East."

In the days preceding the Conventions I quite seriously maintained that the most dangerous men in the

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country were Taft, MacArthur, and McCarthy. When Eisenhower defeated Taft in Chicago, I felt so relieved that I almost definitely decided to give Eisenhower my vote in November. Thank God for the intervening months! By identifying himself with Taft and his crowd, Eisenhower has now become part of the danger.

At first, I listened to Governor Stevenson disinterestedly, almost half-heartedly. But he soon made me sit up and listen carefully. He, the "little unknown," was the one who was talking sense and talking it brilliantly. Perhaps Eisenhower, the "great world leader," had been a bit overrated, I began to think.

As you say, the campaign is now becoming a "contest between reason and emotion." Nixon's speech of "vindication" (which I read but did not hear) was a crude, unblushing play on the emotions of the mob. As you know, for two years as a missionary in China I watched the Communists cynically play on the emotions of the mob, and I have seen the ugly results: the obscuring of reason and the confusion of issues; for two years I watched the Communists use the technique of the Big Lie with unbelievable effect—a technique which Senator McCarthy insists on sharing with them. As a result, I stand horrified at the thought of such men dominating our national government in this time of crisis.

I can very well appreciate what *America* calls your "compulsion" to endorse Stevenson. May such objectivity, honesty, and reason prevail. So much will be lost if that is lost.

(Rev.) LEON SULLIVAN, O.F.M.

Wyandotte, Mich.

TO the Editors: Having a high regard for the uniformly excellent quality of material appearing in The Commonweal, together with deep respect for the opinions of its editors, I was deeply interested in the statement in which you endorse the candidacy of Mr. Stevenson. I do not know whether it is only natural, or whether it is a sign of the "confusion of tongues" which prevails, that given the same set of facts, we arrive at exactly opposite conclusions. I speak as a Catholic, a Democrat, and the father of six children, with four grandchildren, so I know you will believe I am intensely interested in the future of America. Always bearing in mind that I may be wrong, I offer the following comments on your editorial. I do not have it at hand so my references to it are from memory and I hope I do you no injustice.

You pointed out at some length that your choice was not pre-determined and was reached only after considerable soul-searching and careful consideration. Yet, your task appeared not too difficult because, if recollection serves me, you found nothing to qualify Mr. Eisenhower and nothing unfavorable to Mr. Stevenson.

You take the General to task for calling attention to the "mess in Washington" instead of speaking on the "issues of the campaign." It seems to me the mess in Washington IS the issue and the question for the people to decide is whether that mess shall be cleaned up by the party which caused it or by a different party. Since when has it become unfair or impolite to "take a look at the record," as Al Smith would say? We Democrats are still "running" against Hoover and blaming him for a depression that was not limited to the United States.

In my opinion, the overpowering issue of this campaign is the disastrous foreign policy of the Truman administration. It is that part of the mess in Washington beside which the rest of the mess, as bad as it is, pales into insignificance. This includes the five-percenters, the RFC, the tax scandals, mink coats, deep freezes and all the rest of the corruption that has come to light. It also dwarfs the purely domestic issues that ordinarily would be important.

For over fifty years we insisted upon assuring an "open door" to China. We resisted the effort of Japan to conquer China in a war which cost three hundred and twenty five thousand casualties and one hundred billion dollars. Yet, within four years after the costly war saved China from Japan, China had been lost to Communism and to Russia. Defeat comparable to the loss of China, within so short a time after victory, is unparalleled in history. Mr. Stevenson lightly dismisses this by blaming "history," and The Commonweal agrees with him. I would point out to you, sirs, that "history" is not to blame for anything. "History" is not an animate thing; it is merely a record of events. Events are caused by men. History is the effect of events, not the cause. To say that "history" is to blame for the loss of China is sophistry and chop-logic at its worst. It is equivalent to blaming the Creator for results, simply because He had fore-knowledge of those results, forgetting that the free will of men is the real cause.

After exonerating "history," what *was* the real cause of the criminal fiasco in China? A committee of Congress, headed by Senator Pat McCarran, a Democrat, concluded UNANIMOUSLY that the influence of Communist sympathizers or worse within the U. S. Government shaped policies that led to the swift and complete loss of China.

Before I had finished reading your editorial, I felt sure you had reached your decision before the San Francisco speech of Mr. Stevenson. But no, later on you referred to it; indeed, you gave it unistinted praise. In that speech he said he would always be willing to negotiate and compromise with Communism. When he made that statement he served notice to the country that he does not understand the nature of Communism. One does not negotiate with wolves and jackals; neither does a sane person compromise with the atheistic murderers in the Kremlin. I can excuse Mr. Stevenson on the ground of ignorance, but I cannot excuse The Com-

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monweal because its editors know better. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman had to learn the hard way something the Catholic Church has known these many, many years. Was it pure oversight that you neglected to comment on that statement in the San Francisco speech?

If I recollect correctly, you made some reference to Mr. Eisenhower's being a "captive" candidate. Can you seriously believe that General Eisenhower could be the "captive" of any group? But while on the subject, Mr. Stevenson has been warmly embraced by the A.D.A. and has not as yet disavowed that organization, which John T. Flynn has called "the spearhead and the central planning and propaganda machine of the National Socialist Economic Planners in this country." I am sure you know the group: Lauchlin Currie, Leon Henderson, Chester Bowles, Elmer Davis, Paul Porter, Francis Biddle. I am sure you know their record: for recognition of Communist China; for abolishing the House Un-American Activities Committee; against private enterprise, for repeal of the Smith Act under which Red conspirators have been sent to prison. They seem to have more than just an affinity for the cause of Communism.

You feel it is a tragedy that Senator McCarthy received such an overwhelming vote in Wisconsin. In my opinion, that vote is the one encouraging sign in a dismal, alarming situation. I am confident that he would have received the same overwhelming vote in any State in the Union. Remember, Harry Truman had been in Milwaukee just before the election, urging the people to repudiate McCarthy. The people know that of the scandals already laid bare, including that of the traitor Hiss, none has come to light through the initiative or willing cooperation of the Administration, and most of its effort has been in the direction of suppression.

The desperate need of this country is for a leader with courage and integrity to lead us out of the maze of confusion and corruption in which we find ourselves. He must be a man in whom the entire country and all of the remaining free world can have confidence. In spite of the fact that Stevenson was "drafted," seventy-five per cent of the people in the United States had never heard of him, and ninety-nine per cent of our friends outside of this country had never heard his name. General Eisenhower is the outstanding leader I have in mind and I am going to vote for him, regardless of party label and regardless of the record of the Republican party. I have confidence that he will unite the country and the free world in throwing back the enveloping scourge of Communism.

In the words of Douglas Southall Freeman, eminent historian and biographer: "What makes Dwight Eisenhower so extraordinary a figure is the combination of his sense of duty, his humility of spirit, his incomparable training and his magnetic personality. Together these do much more than give the average man a respect for Eisenhower; they give a man respect for himself, because he sees and appreciates greatness. This unfailing ability of Eisenhower to lift the spirits of his companions is certainly one of the brightest attributes of leadership."

WILFRED KANE.

We are grateful to Mr. Kane for the temperate tone of his letter. He raises several key points, however, which we think call for some comment.

Our objection to General Eisenhower's concern with "the mess in Washington" is based on the fact that this concern has, apparently, blinded him to everything else, including the questionable record of his own party. It is well to "look at the record," but this becomes a narrowing and dangerous pastime if one concentrates exclusively on one side of it.

When we wrote that "history" was to blame for "the loss of China" we did not mean to imply, as Mr. Kane seems to think, that human events are determined by some inanimate force external to man. What we meant and still maintain is that the facile phrase "loss of China" is designed to oversimplify for partisan advantage what is in reality a very complex problem.

The question of whether or not the complete collapse of Chiang Kai-shek's government could long have been forestalled by any measure short of full-scale American military intervention is, at best, a highly debatable one, and the men who now talk so glibly of China's "loss" probably would have been the very last to tolerate such intervention. The belief that this catastrophe was merely the work of a few men in our State Department or simply the result of America's failure to send more aid to Chinese Nationalists strikes us as less than convincing, despite the fact that this magazine expressed its dissatisfaction with our China policy during the critical years.

Mr. Kane is surprised and shocked at Governor Stevenson's expressed willingness to negotiate and compromise with the Soviet Union, and this, in turn, surprises us. "Negotiation from strength" is the major goal of our foreign policy, and it is a goal to which General Eisenhower himself subscribes. In his San Francisco address the Governor said that although he would always be willing to negotiate, he would never appease. We do not know of any reasonable alternative to this policy, nor, it seems, does General Eisenhower.

Mr. John T. Flynn, as an authority on Americans for Democratic Action, is in about the same position as Mr. Paul Blanshard as an authority on the Catholic Church. Their obvious bias disqualifies what either might say. Although one might disagree with A.D.A.'s positions on specific issues, we consider it manifestly unfair to judge it as anything but what it is: a militantly "liberal," militantly anti-Communist association.

THE EDITORS.

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Felt in the Head and Felt Along the Heart

PRISONER OF GRACE. By Joyce Cary. Harper. $3.

By RICHARD HAYES

IN *Prisoner of Grace,* his thirteenth novel, composed in his sixty-second year, Mr. Cary is at his impeccable best. He is a novelist so rare and so distinguished, yet so vulnerable to the condescension of an inadequate criticism, that I feel constrained to underscore his extraordinary merits. He is, to begin, a virtuoso of prose: not Jamesian prose—that fine-grained tissue of symbol and image—but common language, shaped by main force into an instrument of remarkable resource. Cary's power is narrative, and he puts it to multiple uses: it can encompass physical action of violence and extremity, and crises of moral sensibility subterranean in their reverberations. One is reminded, inescapably, of the architectural method: Cary sets words as skilfully as a mason: he *builds* character, *lays out* the patterns of life.

In the foreground is his personal quality. That quality, as Mr. V. S. Pritchett has observed, is a blend of Anglo-Irish intoxication, experiment —"the explosion of a strong personality among traditional material" —and Protestant conviction. (He is probably the only living novelist writing out of authentic Protestant vigor.) In *Prisoner of Grace,* these three currents fuse harmoniously.

The novel is, on one level, a celebration and a critique of the political will. On yet another, it is an exuberant assertion of life on any terms, in all its variousness and complexity. On still a third, it is an account, affectionate but richly ironic, of the Protestant conscience in conflict with the resistant moral and social facts of a relativist world.

The tension implicit in Mr. Cary's title is his theme. He gives us a marriage: between the orphan Nina, an intelligent girl yet complacent and indolent, and Chester Nimmo, an evangelical politician in whom self-interest and religious conviction are one and indivisible. The scene is Edwardian England, a period whose special flavor Mr. Cary marvelously conveys. (No one has, I think, quite so precisely graphed these first movements of the evangelical British radicals: the peculiar alignments between power and morality, the intimate attendance—indeed consequence—of political prestige on "faith.")

For Nina, the marriage is, in Balzac's bitter sense, a political education. She wants only a modest happiness; she does not love Chester, she does not even quite respect him; yet she comes to fear and ultimately to approve of him. Her life moves from spaciousness into the narrowest confinement: she learns to bargain, to withhold, to settle for a limited gain. Her con-

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cessions and rebellions are the substance of the novel, yet they issue always in defeat. She is a "prisoner of grace" and to natural forces like Chester one cannot say "no"; one can only acquiesce.

It is in Chester that Mr. Cary most truly triumphs. He is an outrageous *fact*—not a character, not a personality, but rather, in the Jonson sense, a "humour." Monstrous in his self-deception, disarming in his guile, he yet commands our admiration in his profound conviction of personal "justification." His conflict with Nina (strangely compounded of sexual passion, emotional need and class antagonism) is a splendid image of that recurrent situation in literature and life which finds simple, ingenuous human nature helpless in the grasp of the devious, the irrational and the obsessed.

Of Nina, it may be said what Mr. Mark Schorer wrote of an earlier Cary heroine: "She is a kind of mindless being, true to her sensual destiny without ever quite choosing it, seeming to assert that the one thing greater than the fear or the joy, the suffering or the pleasure of life, is life itself."

Yet that is perhaps not wholly accurate: Nina does make a positive effort of will to investigate the sources of her husband's political consciousness. It is Chester who forces her to moral discrimination and judgment. To the last, her life is "political"; she comes, indeed, to see that life *is* politics. The situation in which we leave her—bound to the demands of her husband and her lover—is morally outrageous, but given her nature, it is logical: she is a generous woman destined to exploitation by men. To dissolve this tension—to abandon the one—would be to sin against charity; to reject the other would be to defile hope—that "grace" of the title, which is dearer than life itself.

What is most rewarding in Mr. Cary's treatment of this material is his refusal to subscribe to any dogmatic moral "liberalism." Life is his only dogma, joy his only program. Nor does he indulge in the consolations of cynicism: he shows what power draws in its ambience, but in such disasters he takes no pleasure. He writes as if thoroughly aware of Lord Acton's maxim on the corruption of power, but also aware of its inadequacy. We feel of Nina's journey into the political forest that it is an occasion of wisdom, not the opportunity for a cheap moral triumph which a lesser writer would have seized.

Here then is a major novel in any season. I would not hesitate to claim for it comparison with Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey*. It is not so distinguished a work as the latter: Cary is too impatient to achieve Trilling's exquisite moral precision, and nowhere does he show so firm a grasp of competing ideologies. *Prison of Grace,* however, is superior in point of vigor and a certain affective richness—"felt in the blood and felt along the heart." But both novelists unite in recouping for the fictional imagination areas of significant experience which have too long eluded us in this political day of the West.

Sartor Resartus

THOMAS CARLYLE. By Julian Symons. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

By THEODORE MAYNARD

THE chief fault of this book—and perhaps its only fault—is that it hardly ever makes the reader conscious of Carlyle as a great man. The reason for its fault is not because Mr. Symons has tried to compress so rich and tumultuous a life into three hundred pages, for one could imagine a still shorter book being more vividly satisfactory. Still less can it be because Mr. Symons's style is far removed from the explosive abruptness of Carlyle's, for any imitation of Carlylese would only be a ludicrous caricature. But I believe that the sedateness we find here may have something to do with the matter. This biography is shapely and well written and admirably documented (though without the parade of source references), and above all seeks to strike a fair balance be-

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tween Carlyle and his wife, who loved each other so dearly and yet lived in "a controlled misery upon his side and a thwarted bitterness upon hers," though the author every now and then shows that he is on the side of Thomas rather than of Jane.

It was Jane's friend, Geraldine Jewsbury, who made the penetrating observation, "His was the soft heart and hers the hard one." This shows more insight than the too facile jest made by Tennyson, that he could not agree that the couple should not have married one another, as in that event each would have presumably married somebody else, which would have meant that there would have been four desperately unhappy people in the world instead of two.

Though the two with whom we are concerned would under any circumstances have been difficult to live with, they were each of such a temperament most sure to grate upon and exasperate the other. But the world is only interested in that side of their story because Carlyle was an extraordinary writer of books and his wife a wonderful writer of letters, with perhaps almost the same degree of genius that her husband possessed.

It would be otiose of me to offer any critical comment of Thomas Carlyle, especially as it would have to be limited to, at most, a few sentences; but what might be pointed out is that Mr. Symons, rightly, I think, considers Carlyle as a forerunner of Fascism, and still more rightly, deplores Carlyle's historical method, at least in his later years.

He writes: "Facts . . . are sacred; opinions are free. Such a doctrine is dangerous at any time, for the sacred facts . . . are always a selection from the great mass of facts available: and the selection is made inevitably through preconceived opinions. For a historian like Carlyle, who regarded himself as divinely inspired, there could be no more fatal doctrine." This applies mainly to his *Frederick the Great*, but can be seen in the increasingly wrong-headed views he recklessly tossed out. A prophet he may have been, but he was in the main a false prophet, yet one who had so many penetrating ideas that he cannot be neglected. In spite of the defect I have noted, Mr. Symons has produced a useful study for those who might be intimidated by the more formidable works listed in the bibliography.

Colonial Memories

MY INDIA. By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press. $3.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

EACH of us, if we are lucky, finds his country. For some it is the land of birth; for others, the land of choice; for yet others, the land of their work, or their ideals. So Italy and Greece have been for many English people what England and France have been for hardly fewer Americans. India holds a very special place among such countries. It has been the spiritual home of men as deep as Goethe, as shallow as

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Max Muller, as superficial as Lords Curzon and Willingdon.

Jim Corbett is a Colonel who has spent the greater part of seventy years in India. He has recently written two best sellers, about man-eating tigers and man-eating leopards. His sporting admirers will hardly relish his latest book, although there is quite a good man-hunt in it. Sultana, a member of a submerged social caste, condemned from birth for many years and only recently freed from social stigma and police protection by the Government of India, set the might of the Raj at nought for three long years, and then was exhibited in manacles and leg-irons, "exposed to ridicule from those who had trembled at the mere mention of his name," finally was killed. Colonel Corbett, being a white man "wishes he had been given a more lenient sentence," particularly because he had "spared my life and the life of my friends."

Many of Colonel Corbett's stories are touching—that, for instance, of the untouchable at whose deathbed a Brahmin priest comes to pay homage, and that of the hungry clerks who helped the Colonel when he had no more to eat than they. But *My India* is one man's meat, and for others, it will be patronizing poison.

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GIANT. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday. $3.95.

By JOE DEVER

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that here, at last, is a novel about modern Texas which, however exaggerated, makes something appropriately small out of all Texas' booming bigness: "Bigger. Biggest ranch. Biggest steer. Biggest houses. Biggest hat. Biggest state. A mania for bigness. What littleness did it hide?"

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There is, she tells us, much to admire about Texas and Texans: their physical prowess and practical vision, their fierce, almost noble independence of spirit, their lovely, lithe women, the sweep and the magnitude of their overnight cosmopolitanism: skyscrapers in the desert, acres of universities, forests of oil-wells and insect-migrations of Cadillacs. But over all this thumping materialism, looms the haunting shadow of the "spik," the "cholo" or Tex-Mex. His is the land and the natural resources by birthright; they, historically, are the interlopers, he, the disinherited.

In the gradual disintegration of the Bick Benedict ranching empire —the socially conscious wife, the son who marries a Mexican girl, the daughter enamored of a dirt-farmer, the rise of postwar ideas of social equality—Miss Ferber hints at a Texas of tomorrow.

Let us fervently hope that she is as good a prophet as a novelist.

Many Voices

THE HUNT. By Warren Carrier. New Directions. $2.75.

By PHILIP DRISCOLL

THERE are very few modern writers of real and acknowledged genius whose influence cannot be discerned in *The Hunt*: Hopkins, Joyce, Yeats, Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, O'Neill and Freud—all are behind the scenes in this first novel by a sensitive and erudite young man, and one can be grateful that he has sat at the feet of the Titans instead of the Pygmies to learn his lesson. The only regret is that he did not sit there a little longer.

For *The Hunt* is not a good novel. There are things that are good *about* it, such as the descriptions of landscape and the interesting handling of the flashback technique, but in general the book fails badly, when—conceivably—it could have succeeded brilliantly. Such success would have been hard earned and sweat-stained, to be sure, for there is reason to believe that the present achievement cost a good deal of time and pain. No one could mirror so many aspects of the multi-faceted stone which is modern literature without first having spent plenty of time analyzing and absorbing it.

The Hunt is a novel of near horror and almost total despair. The main characters are three unpleasant people who get themselves involved in a fatal web not unlike one of those spun by the ancient Greek dramatists. But the protagonists here are neither heroic nor tragic, and the murderousness of their guilt and the brutality of their end are poor things indeed.

There is Chris, a college teacher of English with an Oedipus complex as full blown and obvious as any in recent literature, who kills his drunken father in a rage after learning from him the truth about the paternity of the son he believed to be his. And there is George, Chris's strong and primitive brother, who kills the hunted murderer for a variety of complex reasons (including, inevitably, sibling rivalry) and is then shot to death by a posse as he is making strong and primal love to the girl who has been his brother's lover and confidante. And finally there is Josephene, the little Catholic girl from Somerville, Mass., who utters synthetic oaths as no other girl—from Somerville or anywhere else—ever did, who had a bad home life and knew misery until she found understanding in Chris. *She* is killed

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with George as she irresistibly succumbs to his irresistible and very masculine advances.

There are one or two others who appear in the novel briefly (and, I fear, symbolically), but on these three sorry people, Chris, George, and Josephene, rests the burden—and under it they collapse miserably. Their neuroses are too pat and their actions motivated too simply to be real or believable. Aeschylus and Euripides and Sophocles might have believed in the monstrous plot, in the fratricide and patricide and adultery, but they would never have understood or tolerated the weaklings who are made to implement it. In this respect *The Hunt* reads more like diluted O'Neill than the great classic tragedies from which, I suppose, the author intended it ultimately to derive.

It is, in fact, this very derivative quality which makes this book essentially bad. Great artists have perhaps always had great masters, but that was never what made them great. Their greatness came from their ability to absorb—to take in, to digest, to recreate in their own image, by their own inner light. And it is that essential quality of creativeness which is missing here. The teacher of English forever hovers over the artist-novelist, and his shadow extends the length of almost every page.

The clipped, staccato rhythm of Hemingway's prose, the stream of consciousness technique of Joyce, the ellipticism and violence of Faulkner, the cryptic lines of Hopkins' poetry, the sexual symbolism of Lawrence—all of these, and much more, are manifest throughout *The Hunt*. But the result is merely a disappointing pastiche, a patchwork quilt of many colors which is bright in spots but obviously second-hand.

REVIEWERS

Theodore Maynard is a poet, essayist and biographer.

Joe Dever has written two novels and is working on a third.

Philip Driscoll teaches in the English department of Boston University.

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